

## THE FISHER.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

The winds are long, the winds are fair,  
My sailings onward through the gale,  
I find the fountains of the air,  
And the rustling of the sail.

And the smooth, green waves, be-  
neath the furlows of the sea,  
I find the furlows of the sea,  
And the rustling of the sail.

And the black storm cloud on my lee,  
And the black storm cloud on my lee,  
And the black storm cloud on my lee,  
And the black storm cloud on my lee.

The sailing wave repeats its form,  
The spray dies off a snowy cloud;  
I find the furlows of the sea,  
And the rustling of the sail.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## HOMES AND HOME LIFE OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Mrs. AUGUSTA EVANS WILLSON—the novelist—has one of the pleasantest homes in Mobile. The house is surrounded by a grove of live oaks and a thicket of camellias, the latter being Mrs. Willson's favorite flower. She places a white camellia at her husband's plate at table every meal, and she has never, she says, "been without a flower at any breaking of bread in our home since we were married, now sixteen years ago."

Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, the poet, lived in a neatly furnished comfortable house on Penn street, in this city. Mrs. Sangster is probably one of the most tireless literary workers of the present day. Besides accomplishing a large amount of reading for a leading publishing house each day, and one of the editors of a successful religious journal, she regularly contributes to more than a dozen literary periodicals throughout the country. Her poems are perhaps more widely quoted by the press than those of any other poetess of the present day, and are noted for the gentle pathos which pervades them. Her home life is one of New England simplicity, yet so attractive as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the visitor of the supreme happiness which finds a permanent rest within it.

WHEATON'S HOME.—"Mr. Whittier's dwelling in Amesbury," says Harriet Prescott Spofford, "is exceedingly simple and exquisitely neat, the exterior of a pale cream-color, with many trees and shrubs about it, while, within, the room opens into another till you reach the study that should be haunted by the echoes of all sweet sounds, for here have been written most of those verses full of the fitful music."

"Of winds that out of dreamland blow." Here, in the proper season, the flames of a cheerful fire dance upon the brass andirons of the open hearth, in the centre of a wall lined with books; water-colors by Harry Fenn and Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter, together with interesting prints, hang on the other walls, rolled, it may be, by the window that looks down a sunny little orchard, and by the glass-topped door through which you see the green dome of Powow Hill. What worthies have been entertained in this charming place! Garrison and Phillips and Higginson and Wesson and Emerson and Fields and Bayard Taylor and Alice and Phoebe Cary and Gail Hamilton and Anna Dickinson are only a few of the names that one remembers.

"In appearance Mr. Whittier is as upright in bearing as ever. His eye is as black and burns with as keen a fire as when it flashed over the Concord land, and sees beauty everywhere as freshly as when he cried with the 'Voices of Freedom' and sang the 'Songs of Labor'; and his smile is the same smile that has won the worship of men, and of women too, for sixty years and over."

THE OLD HOLMES HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE.—"One of the most affecting sights which I ever saw in Cambridge," says a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, "was the trundling of all that was left structurally of the old Holmes house past the college build-

ings, on its way to a lonely degradation somewhere on the M'ash. Massachusetts and Harvard Hall blushed for shame in every brick, and when the discolored fragment of the house creaked over Harvard Square, the ground which still held the roots of the noble tree that was sacrificed to the horse-car Moloch groaned in sympathy. I am apt to be moved to indignation whenever I remember that sight. Dr. Holmes has gracefully yielded to the inevitable. The rest of us sulk over it. It is a fine thing, no doubt, to be able to look squarely at the double-ended law-school, but *inter leges silent grina virgine cunctes*. I did not mean to trouble you with a useless 'screed' but I wish to tell those who share my vain regrets that a series of five photographs of the house were taken just before our supercilious civilization destroyed it, and they certainly reproduced its shadow more satisfactorily than any that have hitherto been shown. One especially, of the porch, disclosing through the open door the staircase trodden by patriots, scholars, and a poet, is a charming picture, and invites one into the interior, which he suddenly remembers he never can enter. It is a satisfaction that these views do not include the law-school. There is another in the series which shows the house at a little distance, touched with an atmospheric grace which half-spiritualizes the wood and brick. Altogether, the series forms one of the most agreeable souvenirs of the late lamented building that could be desired."

THE COURTSHIP OF MARK TWIN AND HIS HOME AT HARTFORD.—In 1869, Trowbridge tried journalism for a time in Buffalo, where he held an editorial position on a daily paper. While there he fell in love with a young lady, a sister of "Dan"—made famous in *Innocents Abroad*—but her father, a gentleman of wealth and position, looked unfavorably upon his daughter's alliance with a Bohemian literary character.

"I like you," he said to Mark, "but what do I know of your antecedents? Who is there to answer for you anyhow?"

After reflecting a few moments, Mark thought some of his old Californian friends would speak a good word for him. The prospective father-in-law wrote letters of inquiry to several residents of San Francisco, to whom Clemens referred him, and with one exception, the letters denounced him bitterly, especially deriding his capacity for becoming a good husband. Mark sat beside his *fiancee* when the letters were read aloud by the old gentleman. There was a dreadful silence for a moment, and then Mark stammered: "Well, that's pretty rough on a fellow, anyhow?"

"His betrothed came to the rescue, however, and overturned the mass of testimony against him by saying, 'I'll risk you, anyhow.'"

The terrible father-in-law lived in Elmira, New York, and there Mark was married. He had told his friends in the newspaper office at Buffalo to select him a suite of rooms in a first-class boarding-house in the city, and to have a carriage at the depot to meet the bride and groom. Mark knew they would do it, and gave himself no more anxiety about it. When he reached Buffalo, he found a handsome carriage, a beautiful span of horses and a driver in livery. They drove him up to a handsome house on an aristocratic street, and as the door was opened, there were the parents of the bride to welcome them home. The old folks had arrived on the quiet by a special train. After Mark had gone through the house and examined its elegant furnishings, he was notified officially that he had been driven by his own coachman, in his own carriage, to his own home. They say tears came to his wonderfully dark and piercing eyes, and that all he could say was "Well, this is a first-class swindle."

Not long after his marriage, Mark settled down in Hartford, and invested capital in insurance companies there. The Clemens mansion in Hartford is a model of architectural beauty, and is elegantly finished in the interior. In the library, over the large fireplace, is a brass plate with the inscription in old English text: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it." Mark does not use the library for his study, but does nearly all his writing in the billiard room at the top of the house. It is a long room, with sloping sides, is light and airy, and very quiet. In this room Mark writes at a plain table, with his reference books scattered about him. He makes it an invariable rule to do a certain amount of literary work every day, and his working hours are made continuous by his not taking a mid-day meal. He destroys much manuscript, and it is said he rewrote five hundred pages of one of his popular books. Mark is an industrious worker, and continues his labors the year round. In summer he retreats to his villa on the Hudson, or to a little cottage in the mountains near Elmira, New York. There he

finds the most quiet solitude, and there he works undisturbed. Mark is fond of his wife, and of his three beautiful children. He has achieved a notable success as a lecturer, both in this country and in England.

## Authors and Publishers.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge is particularly apt to the medium through which his work reaches the public. About five years ago he received an important looking envelope which he found to contain a communication from the publisher of a New York weekly of little reputation, asking him to write for that periodical. Mr. Trowbridge went immediately to Mr. Longfellow, with whom he had the closest friendship, and asked him what he should do.

Mr. Longfellow replied: "Give your price and they will say no more about it."

Mr. Trowbridge consequently sat down and wrote a letter to the publisher, saying that he would write a short serial for his periodical at the rate of \$300 a week. Then he rested, content that he had frightened at least one publisher.

Again there came a letter—more important looking than the first one. When Mr. Trowbridge opened it he found to his horror that his offer had been accepted. For the second time Mr. Trowbridge posted to his friend and asked him what to do.

"Close the contract," was the reply.

The story was written and sent to the periodical. It ran through thirteen numbers and Mr. Trowbridge received \$3,900 for his work.

It sometimes occurs that when a magazine has accepted the manuscript of a young author, it keeps it until he has acquired fame. This was done, to the exceeding advantage of a well-known magazine, which bought a manuscript from "Charles Egbert Craddock" some years ago. It was religiously kept until Miss Murfree made her appearance in Boston society as a lion, and then the magazine printed its story and secured the envy of its rivals.

Most young authors believe that editors will not read their manuscript. This is something of a mistake. They not only read the work of young authors, but seek it when their productions have shown indications of future success. Hugh Conway published his first story in an obscure paper in the south of England. He was hunted up and given fame. E. W. Howe, the author of "A Country Town," published his first stories in his paper, the *Atlantic Globe*, and was found by an enterprising publisher. Richard Malcolm Johnson's first "Dukeborough Tales" appeared in a Southern newspaper; Dr. Holland noticed them, and since that time Mr. Johnson has published ten stories in the leading magazines. Mrs. Burnett sold her first stories to the Petersons, of Philadelphia. They were fully as good as she has ever written since then. Frank L. Stockton secured the prize of \$500 for the best story of humor, offered by a magazine some time ago, but a man who was then absolutely unknown, E. W. Thomson, of Montreal, Canada, received a like prize from the same magazine for the best story of adventure.

## FRANK JAMES SELLS A HORSE.

A Well-Trained Specimen of the Equine Race—Feats Performed. (See Joe Gazette.)

A few days ago Dr. A. V. Barnes, desiring a few days' rest and recreation, took a run down to Excelsior Springs, in Clay county. As is generally known, these noted springs are not far distant from the country residence of Dr. Barnes. His wife is the mother of Frank James. Now that danger no longer lurks in every pathway, notwithstanding the fact that Frank lives in Jackson county, fifty miles away, there are few weeks that are allowed to pass which he does not mount one of his thoroughbred steeds in the morning and that night seek rest under the roof which sheltered him in his infancy.

Frank was making one of his periodical visits to the farm while Dr. Barnes was sojourning at the springs, and by some means learned of the doctor's object of his visit, and he concluded to pay Frank a visit. An hour and a half's drive landed the doctor at the Barnes place, where he introduced himself and requested a most cordial and hospitable greeting from Mrs. Barnes and her son Frank. Dr. Barnes being absent at a church meeting. In due course of time Dr. Barnes explained the object of his visit, and asked of Frank to be shown his horse. "Certainly," said he, and leading the way to the barn-yard, he led to a white horse, and in a sharp, shrill tone cried out, "Come here, Buck!"

A magnificent specimen of the equine race, 6 years old, and a beautiful sorrel color, every act and motion of it is a study in itself. It is a horse of the most thoroughbred, emerged from a shed where he had taken refuge from the scorching rays of the sun, and, approaching his master, stood with the tremulousness of an aspen leaf.

"That is the way to have a horse," said Frank. "Learn them to run after you, and don't run after them."

Frank then made Buck perform a number of tricks and obey several commands, when the doctor asked to be shown the quality of the intelligent animal as a roadster. Frank hitched Buck to a light buggy and invited the doctor to take a seat by his side. Frank took the reins, which were really superb, as Buck was controlled by the commands of his master. When the horse would be going at full speed under a close rein Frank would drop the reins and make Buck change from one gait to another and turn in any desired direction by a single word.

Being satisfied with Buck as a buggy animal, the doctor asked to be shown his saddle gait. If Buck excelled as a buggy horse, he was perfection under the saddle,

## LOCOMOTIVES.

## ON THE SICK LIST AND IN THE HOSPITAL FOR REPAIRS.

The Historical "55" Which Drew the Special Train to Elberon—Wear and Tear of an Engine—Some "Old-Timers."

(New York Sun.)

By far the most interesting building of the Pennsylvania railway repair shops, on the meadows between Hackensack and Jersey City, is the round-house, where stalls are provided for forty-one locomotives, and from the three entrances, which can be utilized at a pinch. Engines in all manner of unresisting positions are waiting in these stalls, receiving a respite from their arduous work. One of them, a freight, is just in from the line to have her sand-box repaired, and will return to her labors in an hour's time. Another, known as the "55," which constitutes the heaviest engine run on the road, is stripped bare of all its exterior arrangements, and even its five-foot-eight-inch wheels are being replaced by new ones. The latter, which stands undressed near it, is a 18½-cylinder, and weighs over 45½ tons. These are the most popular engines in the road, and can steam and run better with eight or ten cars than any other class. Many of the locomotives are being repaired, and a sleeping fire-box instead of the old-fashioned flat surface. The new style of box rests upon the frame of the engine, allows six inches more of heating space, and lessens the chance of spreading the wheels by close proximity to the fire box. Thus far only two engines have been furnished with the new arrangement, but so soon as the heaviest locomotives are being repaired, they are out of the way the innovation in heating will extend to others.

Among the engines that will leave the shops this week is the historical 55, which established its record in July, 1881, on the day Dr. Frank H. Hamilton was summoned to Garfield's bedside. At half an hour's notice it whisked the special train from Jersey City to Philadelphia in one hour and thirty-eight minutes, including one stop and several slowdowns. And again, in the following September, when Garfield was taken to Elberon, 55 was detailed to haul the special train; and two weeks later the 55 began the mournful trip, starting at Elberon, and ending at Cleveland, Ohio. Last year 55 was put in charge of Engineer McLean on the Long Branch limited express, and ran 124 miles every day for twelve weeks in a few minutes, and in the following September, in September she went to the shops for a thorough overhauling, and has been there ever since. Next week 55 will resume its very fond of children. It is a nervous, cold, reserved man to grow-up persons, but delightfully accessible and kind to little folk. Claude, my friend's son, was accompanied by his father, his mother, perfectly at ease, with all that divine unconsciousness of children; moreover, he is accustomed to clericals. His best play-fellows out of the nursery are a certain learned and distinguished Thomist Dominican and a scholarly Benedictine father. So Claude played with the pope's cross, and listened, half-comprehendingly, to the conversation on the difficulties and responsibilities of parents, and the predisposition to good or evil of children. The pope looked tenderly at the little Claude and said, "I hope you are always a good boy." Claude flushed a hot red up to his very blonde temples, but answered, bold as a lion, "Oh, no! I'm Marie yesterday."

"What?" cried the pope. "Marie, my sister," said Claude. "She called me a little pig and I hit her hard on the arm."

This was too much for the pope's self-control; he burst into a hearty peal of laughter, then said: "It was not nice in your sister to call you names, to be sure; but you ought not to have bitten her, you know."

"Of course not!" exclaimed Claude, with delightful agreement, "for you see I am neither a pig nor a dog."

Again his boldness went off into another good laugh. The boy's naive courage and frankness were delicious, and the pope had the true heart to enjoy it.

## Patented Medical Instruments.

(New York Tribune.)

"But talking of patented medical instruments," the doctor suddenly said, "do you know that the prejudice of the medical profession is so great against the use of any patented instrument that it amounts almost to what you newspaper men would call boycotting to have an instrument, however valuable, patented? I did not know it and candidly said I could not credit the assertion."

"Why," continued the doctor, "it is not more than twenty years ago that a large house in this city undertook the manufacture of a few patented dental instruments. There was instantly raised the cry that by patenting the inventions the company was restricting the dentist in doing good and in relieving the suffering of their fellow creatures. But the practical result was that inventors were stimulated and additional apparatus was offered this firm; and we ended by developing their business until they have become the largest manufacturers of dental instruments in the world, and they have so cheapened the price of their instruments that the best practitioner can afford to use the best article manufactured. But to this day so great is the prejudice among surgeons as to using any patented surgical instrument that it almost becomes professional cant-lawry to suggest an invention on it is high treason to patent one."

## A Georgia "Honey Gathering."

(Chicago Times.)

Georgians have a novel entertainment which they call a "honey gathering." One in Irving county, lately, was attended by eighty-five persons, and an account of it says the four trees being on a spot not much larger than a city block, and was not a trouble to move from one tree to another, and by 5 o'clock every tree was cut and relieved of its sweet contents, of which there was an abundance, so much so that everybody had enough and plenty was left. The bees were in a good humor, and but very few people were stung.

## He Couldn't See.

(Texas Siftings.)

A gentleman who had once been a member of the Texas legislature was arrested in El Paso for the crime of "being too fat." "You were not satisfied to eat a dinner at the man's restaurant without paying for it, but you went out with the caterer and ate his food." "That's so, your honor, but I took the caterer and I spent from him at motives." "Honest motives?" "Yes, I wanted to pawn them, so I could raise money to pay for the dinner. See?" The justice somehow failed to see it.

## Lunches at the Ascot.

(Chicago Times.)

Lunches at the Ascot races, eaten on the grass or under cover, consist of "bread, butter, and a hard-boiled egg" for a "three-pence," or, more elaborate, the "periwinkle," "one grape, peewee's pines," and as a sweet a package of acid drops.

## A MEAL FOR TWELVE CENTS.

Surprising Result of a Small Investment in Food, Without Any Style. (Chicago Herald.)

A newspaper man walked down State street. He was hungry, as newspaper men often are, and he felt in his pocket and found 12 cents. He was surprised at the unusually large amount. He thought he had but 10. Just then a sign reading "A Square Meal for 12 Cents—Clean and Good—None Better in the City" attracted his attention. He again asserted his claims. "Way," he demanded, "shall I not be satisfied if the best meal in Chicago can be had for 12 cents? That was reasonable and true in this, and they carried the day."

So down into the square meal for 12 cents restaurant he dived. It was in a basement, and the food was carried up and down. The half dozen tables were covered with marble from the old-fashioned factory. Two waiters were in readiness to receive his order. The newspaper man ordered, again counting his 12 cents to make sure that the whole 12 cents were there. In half a minute the first course was before him. It was a small plate of soup, which tasted well. He did not stop to analyze it, even in his mind. The experienced diner-out never does that. Soup, like hash and sausage, is made to be eaten, not to be analyzed. Next came the second course, a meat and potatoes, which was nearly as good as the average in restaurants; bread and butter, unobjectionable; a boiled potato, with "jacket" on and well done, and a piece of beef. Of course it was not a large piece of beef, nor was it of the choicest cut. But the roasting had been properly done, and that is the main thing. It had the flavor of "dumplings" about it, and if not juicy and tender, was wholesome and satisfying. There was enough gravy with it to sop the potato with. Following the meat came a piece of pie. It was a small piece, one-eighth of a pie—but it was good. This was a 12-cent dinner.

"Yes," said the proprietor, as the newspaper man complimented the meal in the midst of getting a cigar in reciprocation, "I call that a good spread for the money, and I allow it's a good thing for poor fellows that can't get much stuff left. When I get hungry and they have only 12 or 15 cents left the first thing they do is to get into a lunch place and buy beer. They get a little something to eat, but it hasn't enough for a man to live on, and lack of nourishment breaks 'em down and makes 'em take to drink all the stronger. Yes, I call that a good spread for 12 cents. Some day I'll have a bit of vegetable and a drop of pie. Don't see how I can make money on it! Well, that soup cost next to nothing, of course, though it's good. The butter is a bit of the best, and the coffee and sugar cost me about 1 cent. You had about one-third of a pound of beef that cost 6½ cents a pound. The piece of pie cost 1½ cents. Put in the potato and you'll see the whole thing. It didn't cost me more than 5 cents for fuel, materials, leaving me 7 cents for rent, fuel, help and general expenses. I tell you it's surprising how much to eat can be bought for 5 cents when you don't have to pay 20 for style and 10 cents for food, and all I want is plenty of customers at 12 cents a dinner. Call again."

## A Boy's Confession to Leo XIII.

(Los Angeles Chronicle.)

A friend of mine lately had a private audience of the holy father. He took his son with him—a most intelligent, original little fellow of 5 years of age. Leo XIII is very fond of children. He is a nervous, cold, reserved man to grow-up persons, but delightfully accessible and kind to little folk. Claude, my friend's son, was accompanied by his father, his mother, perfectly at ease, with all that divine unconsciousness of children; moreover, he is accustomed to clericals. His best play-fellows out of the nursery are a certain learned and distinguished Thomist Dominican and a scholarly Benedictine father. So Claude played with the pope's cross, and listened, half-comprehendingly, to the conversation on the difficulties and responsibilities of parents, and the predisposition to good or evil of children. The pope looked tenderly at the little Claude and said, "I hope you are always a good boy." Claude flushed a hot red up to his very blonde temples, but answered, bold as a lion, "Oh, no! I'm Marie yesterday."

## The Hypocritical Chinese Officials.

(Exchange.)

The hypocritical Chinese officials are forcibly illustrated in the report made to the emperor of China by the viceroy of Yunnan of an earthquake which occurred last November at the city of Yunnan. The viceroy observes with humility that this awful visitation is to be regarded as a penalty of Heaven for his own inefficiency and incompetence; and that of his staff, and he promises on behalf of himself and his subordinates that they will take the lesson to heart and amend their ways.

## Manitoba a Debtors' Realm.

(Chicago Times.)

Manitoba is not a creditors' paradise. By a recent act of the Manitoba legislature, a creditor to accompany him in the lion's cage at the rate of 100 francs the trip.

## Improving the Piano Player's Fingers.

(New York Sun.)

The feat of covering an octave on the keys of a piano is too much for the hands of some girls, and a surgical operation for the purpose of increasing the capacity of the fingers has come into considerable vogue. It consists in dividing certain ligaments in the little finger. Most of the pupils of a certain professor of music have submitted to it. There is not much pain involved, and no disfigurement. The improved finger is left with none of the dependence upon its nearest neighbor which is its natural characteristic. One of the students who had submitted to it, she declared it to be a perfect success.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

## PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, bearing date the 22d day of July, 1885, to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate in said township in the year 1883, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for the said township will on

## WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT,

at the hour of 2 P. M., at his office in Dodd's building, Glenwood avenue, in said township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, not exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the same, and pay such taxes with the interest thereon, from the 20th day of October, A. D. One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Eighty-three, together with all costs, fees, charges and expenses.

## DISTRICT NO. 1.

4 Ackerman, est. of Abram one house, 10 acres, on west side of road to Franklin \$14.36

44 Dodd, Remben N. and Bro., 52 acres, west side of road to Franklin 80.64

68 Kent, Lymann B., one house, 30 acres, N. J. T. Garabrant, formerly, a Peter N. Garabrant, a Morris Canal, w. J. T. Garabrant, formerly 58.11

72 Kierstead, est. Isaac, one house, 70 acres, N. J. Van Winkle, a H. Kierstead, formerly 70.56

133 Van Gison, Augustus T., one house, 44 acres, N. J. Van Winkle, a H. Kierstead, formerly 84.00

76 Lyon, Wm., one house, 28 acres, part of farm formerly belonging to Miss Cynthia Van Winkle, w. side of road to Franklin 36.28

134 Van Riper, John, one house, 11 acres, w. side of road to Franklin, s. of Wilbur Brook 19.02

## DISTRICT NO. 2.

287 Smith, Thos. (formerly Finch) Stores cor. Bloomfield avenue and Orange st., n. Orange st. 53.00

318 Groshong, est. Peter, one house, Broad st. n. est. Jas. Ball, e. Broad st. w. Ball est. 13.78

388 Hayes, Simon R., one house, Montrose place, north side, formerly T. E. Hayes, w. side of road to Franklin 40.28

426 Kent, Aaron H., one house, 7 acres, N. J. Van Winkle, a H. Kierstead, formerly 69.34

475 McDowell, Chas., one house, N. J. Van Winkle, a H. Kierstead, formerly 42.40

577 Peck, Gilbert H., one house, N. J. Van Winkle, a H. Kierstead, formerly 57.18

760 Weeks, est. Dr. Cyrus, about one acre, N. J. Van Winkle, a H. Kierstead, formerly 14.84

783 Edwards S. Wilde, 2 tracts—1st, e. side of Ridge road, n. Mte. Belleville, e. Cemetery, s. West 154.16

2d, Tract, n. Geo. Mann, or Benson e. Ridge road, s. Kate V. Ridd and Benson, w. Benson 57.18

## DISTRICT NO. 3.

1 Boyne, James, Jr., one house, east side Canal, near Plane 18.46

8 Boyne, James, one house, s. side Spring st. 12.58

51 Cunningham, Patk., 1 h. Liberty st. 9.54

65 Dunbar, Dominic, 1 lot, Cross st. 2.59

104 Gillespie, est. of 114 acres, 1 h. road leading from Bloomfield to Franklin 159.00

121 Higgins, Thomas, one house, N. J. Van Winkle, a H. Kierstead, formerly 6.36

150 Manley, Mrs. Thomas, one house, 12 acres, n. side Belleville ave. 67.28

158 Monegan, est. Philip, one house, Montgomery st., north side 13.64

163 Madison, Mrs. Wm. J., 2 lots, Orchard st., west side 4.66

172 O'Connor, Thomas, one house, east side of Canal, near Plane 5.74

230 Van Winkle, Cornelius, one house, Montgomery street 25.44

231 Van Winkle, Eliza and Sarah, 1 h. and store, Montgomery st. 42.90

232 Van Winkle, Moses, one house, 3½ acres, Montgomery st. n. side 21.14

## DISTRICT NO. 4.

86 Condit, Mrs. George, one house and lot north side of Thornton st., w. Moses Tichenor 18.02

97 Corby, Emmons B., one house and lot, Washington st., n. Washington st. e. Mte. Belleville, Ins. Co., P. Geib and Arthur Spragg, s. Arthur Spragg and Railroad Co. w. Railroad Co. 75.70

198 Eveland, est. of Samuel, one house, Linden ave., n. E. Hall and Chas. M. Lockwood, e. Wm. Myers, s. Glenwood ave., w. Thomas st. 29.25

250 Groshong, Mrs. F. A., one house 1st north side, n. C. W. Powers and Riley Bond, a First st., w. Mrs. Degnan 21.20

317 Hayes, Mrs. Nora, one house, Linden ave., n. Linden ave., e. Ward, s. s. Moelis ave. w. Adrian Dickerson 78.94

428 Mitchell, Mortimer, two houses, Nos. 7 and 8, s. side Lake st. 30.08

481 O'Brien, Francis, one house, Willow st., n. Geo. Dodd, e. est. John Strang, s. Willow st.,